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TELLING THE BEES.*

From the Atlantic Monthly for April.

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still,
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the bee-hives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And coaxed at the brook-side my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches, I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, and the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Foward and back,
Went, drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

* A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

☞ It seemed to have been the delight as well as the fortune, of Mr. Daggett, while at the bar, to come in contact with his brother Smith. The latter was not without talent, but it run in low channels, and Mr. Daggett loved to pester him. On one occasion, during an argument to the court upon a point of law involving nice questions, Mr. Smith attempted to draw distinctions which did not exist; and, in allusion to his subtlety, Mr. Daggett, in reply addressed the court as follows:—"The opposing counsel has been very nice in his points of law, and has assumed differences where none exist. As for myself, I am not disposed to follow the gentleman into the refinements of his argument, but I can assure him I will split hairs with him, if need be;" whereupon Mr. Smith, who sat near (and who, by the way, was, in his personal appearance, rather porcine,) drew from his head a hair, and handing it towards Mr. Daggett, said "split this, brother Daggett."
The latter turned upon him with a keen look, and replied, "*I said hairs, not bristles!*"

☞ Speaking of Judge Daggett reminds me of an occurrence that took place many years since, in my presence, at one of the dinners—or, more properly, suppers of our Yale commencement.
The substantials of the feast were already discussed, and the "dessert" was being served up, when Professor Benjamin Silliman, then in the full possession of manly beauty—and I have seldom seen a handsomer man—asked Daggett if he should help him to "a piece of mince pie?"
"A part of a piece, if you please," said Daggett.
Silliman immediately commenced dividing, subdividing, and re-dividing a bit of pie, and continued the operation so long, that Daggett at length noticed it, and inquired what he was doing.
"I was trying," said Silliman, "to get you a part of a piece of pie; but, cut as I will, I can still find nothing but a *whole* piece."

☞ Johnson was the conductor on a western road, a very pompous official, so much above his business as to appear to be a passenger whenever he could. Leaving the door open one cold day as he entered the cars, Mr. Bangs cried out to him,
"I say, shut that door!"
The elegant Johnson was greatly offended at being spoken to so rudely, and stepping up to him said, "I am the conductor of the train."
"That's the very reason," roared out Mr. Bangs, "why I told you *to shut the door!*"
The man shut the door.

☞ The Rev. Peter Sharp, of Michigan, was once a member of the Ohio Annual Conference. At one of their sittings a brother had been tried for heresy, and, finally, the charges were considered proved, and he was duly convicted. The members sat silent, perhaps revolving in their own minds what punishment ought to be meted out to this erring brother, who did not understand the book just exactly as they did. At length the presiding bishop asked,
"What will the conference do with the brother?"
Up rose Peter Sharp, and, with great gravity, said, "I move that he be burned at the stake." The motion was a strong one, and it brought into such a glaring light the folly of punishing men for errors of judgment, that the conference made the sentence as gentle as they possibly could.

☞ A chicken fancier is trying to get up a new race of pullets by crossing weather-cocks with Shanghae hens. We shall watch his success with much interest.

The Caledonian.

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Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young Women.

NUMBER FIVE

From the Springfield Republican.

You calculate when you are married to be married to the man you love, and no other; yet there are a good many chances that you will be influenced in your choice by other considerations. But you should never think of marrying a man simply because you love him. You may love a man who has personal habits that will make you miserable. You may love a man so lazy or so inefficient that your whole life will be necessarily a continued struggle with poverty. You may love a man who has no adaptation to you—who is sorly and stupid and unresponsive; who can give no satisfactory return of your affection, and who will repulse every demonstration of your fondness. You may love a man who is supremely selfish. When you become bound for life to a man, he should be one who can make you happier than you would be alone. There are doubtless some instances of a love so noble and so self-sacrificing that it will welcome poverty and want, with the object of its desire, as being far better than riches without it. I will not quarrel with this. I only say that generally competence (I do not mean wealth,) is necessary to that degree of comfort without which love falls of its sweetest exercises and most grateful rewards. Love for a man is only one reason why you should marry him. There may be a round dozen of reasons why you should not.

A woman's heart is a very queer thing, on the whole. It falls in love in the most unaccountable way. It is a hard thing to reason with, and a much harder thing to reason about, yet there are some things which may be said to those whose judgment is not yet blinded by a passion that contemns reason. You should marry a man to whom you will be willing to bend, or one whom you know you can manage without his knowledge, or with his consent. The instances are very rare in which two strong wills can harmonize in close companionship. They must both be governed by principle, and be mutually forbearing from principle. I have seen noble instances of this, but not often. The law of nature is that the wife shall bend to the husband—that her will shall at last be subject; yet there are instances of true affection between man and woman when the subjection on the part of the man becomes the law of nature, the woman's judgment being the best, and her will the strongest. In these cases, the female mind possesses masculine characteristics and the male mind feminine characteristics; and it is just as proper that her mind should govern in these instances as that the male mind should govern in others. But there is something most natural in this, after all—or something I should say, out of the common order of things. If a woman sincerely believe that there is no man to whose will she can gladly subordinate her own, let her seek out a feminine man, and make suit for his hand. A noted female vocalist, whom all of us love, had the credit of doing this. He gave up even his religion for her, though that may not have cost him much. I presume that she governs him, and I have yet to learn that the union is not thoroughly a happy one. After all, if the lady were a graceful subject of a kingly intellect, I cannot help thinking that she would be in a more natural position, and one in which she would be happier than she is now.

You are placed in a position of peculiar temptation. You have ambitions to be something more than pretty, accomplished and loved—at least, some of you have. You want a career. As a woman, you see that you cannot have one, save through a matrimonial connection. You wish to do something—to be something—to be the mistress of an establishment, or to be associated with one who has the public eye or the public consideration. It is thus that wealth and position come to you with very great temptations. A man of wealth or a man of power offers you his hand, and, unless he is absolutely repulsive, he will generally get it. You will try to love him, or learn to love him, or think you love him; or perhaps you will take a mercenary or a worldly view of the whole thing, and marry him for what of wealth and position he can bring you. Now all this marrying for money, or for position, or for any other consideration, when genuine love is absent, is essential prostitution. I know of no difference between selling one's self for a life-time and that sale of the soul and body which is made in the house of her whose steps take hold on hell. If you find yourself willing to give up yourself to a man in a life-long connection for the house he gives you, for the silks and furs with which he clothes you, for the society into which he introduces you, for the position with which he endows you, then, whether you know it or not, you become the sister of the drab whom you so inconsistently spurn from your side. In fact, the motives that have made her what she is may be white by the side of yours. Marrying for love may seem to be a very silly thing to a woman of the world; but marrying without love, for a consideration, is wicked. "Love in a cottage" is laughed at by very "judicious people," but it is a very sweet thing by the side of indifference in a palace. I know of nothing more disgusting in all God's world than that mercenary tie which, under the name of marriage, binds a woman to the bosom of one who bought her with his money.

I know what the world says about this matter, and I very heartily dispise the world for it. When I ask the world if Jane has "made out well," by her union, and am told that she has done finely, and married a man with a hundred thousand dollars, I am tempted to be profane. When I ask the world how Kate is settled, and am informed as the essential portion of the reply that her husband is "an excellent provider," I am tempted to spit in its face. The conventional idea of a happy and proper matrimonial connection is so mean and so arbitrary, that it is no wonder that unsophisticated girls sacrifice themselves. I pity them from the bottom of my heart.—*They cannot have even the reputation of marrying well unless they allow base motives to enter into their calculations.* They learn early to aim at wealth or position as primary and supremely desirable things. A brilliant match, in the eyes of the world, stones for low morals, uncongenial tasts, and luke-warm hearts.

Now, if you must make calculations, let me help you. Make genuine affection the first thing. This is absolutely indispensable. It takes precedence of everything else. You are not at liberty to consider anything before this. A union based upon anything else, is, as I have already told you, essential prostitution. It is against nature—against God's most wise and benevolent intentions. You can make no union with a man not based on this, that will give you happiness. Friendship alone will not do. Esteem alone will not do. The idea of giving yourself to a man simply because you esteem him, and respect him, is disgusting. The union of the current of your life with that of a man is the great event of your history, and if this be not through those natural affinities, sympathies and partialities—that passion of your soul which Heaven intended should be called into exercise by manhood—then is it only a conventional union, and no union in fact. Love, then, I say, is the essential thing, and yet, love, as I have said before, is only one thing. There may be in the man who excites the holiest and strongest passion of your nature, many things which, if you value your own purity, even—should lead you to pluck that passion from your breast, and turn your back upon its object, that God's light may rest upon your brow, even if sorrow makes darkness in your heart.

It is hard to examine character, and profit by the study, after the heart has become the seat of an absorbing passion; but it is indispensably necessary to do it sometimes. It is far better that the passion be excited by the influence of character, disposition and bearing, but when study becomes necessary, it should be entered upon conscientiously; for the second requisite for a happy union is sound character. A woman possessing the best elements of womanhood cannot be happy with a man who has not a sound character. He may have a good disposition, he may be intelligent, he may have wealth and honor, but if his character be weak, or faulty, she has no reliance; and she must ultimately lose her respect for him. When respect is gone, she may love, she may pity, she may forgive, but she cannot be happy. Disposition comes in for consideration in the third place, and worldly circumstances in the fourth, or perhaps still lower in the scale. I might speak of another thing, requisite to happiness in the highest degree, but I will not now and here.

In the consideration of worldly circumstances, be wise. Remember that if your lover be intelligent, healthy, the master of a business or a profession, he stands many more chances to die in the possession of wealth or competence than he would if rich now, and without a settled business and settled purpose. I have watched the results of many matches, and I have seen ten which started with a fortune to be acquired, turn out well in a worldly point of view, where I have seen one result happily, starting with the fortune made. If a young man is honorable, intelligent, industrious and manly in every respect, and you love him, marry him. There is no power under heaven that has a moral right to stand between you and your happiness. Many a poor girl who married for money now pines in poverty, and covets the position of girls whose wiser choice she once contemned.—I speak in this way for two reasons. The first is that it is not only your right but your duty to consider whether a life of certain poverty will be compensated by a life of association with the man you love. The second is that when you take this matter into consideration you should make your judgment upon a sound basis. Wealth in hand without business habits, business tastes and business interests, is the most unreliable thing in the world. It may even spoil a good lover, and in time transform him into a loafer or sot. On the contrary, good business habits, good character, enterprise, ambition—all these combined—are almost sure to secure competence and success. If you would rely on anything, rely on these, for they are the only reliable things. Misfortune may deal harshly with these, but that is the business of Providence.

I fancy one reply that may be made to all this wise talk. Women practically have comparatively little choice in the matter. They grow up from the cradle with the idea that it is a horrible thing to live and die an old maid. That, in the mind of half the girls, is the most terrible thing in all the world. They can abide anything better than that. So they feel a kind of obligation to jump at the first offer, they are so much afraid they shall never have another. Let them remember that a mismated life is much worse than an unmated life. I believe that marriage is the true condition, and that no man nor woman can fully enjoy life unmarried; but I know they will be more unhappy if they are badly matched than if not matched at all. But women have more choice than they think, and would have still more than they do if their intercourse with young men were placed upon the basis indicated in my last letter. Most young women study the character of men but little, because they have but little opportunity. They see comparatively few, and, through the character of their intercourse, know them very incompletely. It is a sin and a shame that young women enjoy such inferior opportunities of learning the character of young men, —of weighing, comparing and judging them. It is a shame that they have no more opportunities for a choice. My own wife fortunately got an excellent husband, but it is something for which she is to be grateful to an overruling Providence, for her own knowledge had but very little to do with it. I could have cheated beyond all account. I tell you men want watching, and studying for some years, before you find them out, and it becomes you to run fewer risks than the most of your sex run in this business. It is a good deal of a step—this getting married, and I am very anxious that you shall know a great many men, that you shall get the one you love, that he shall be worthy of you, and that you shall be happy all the days of your life.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

New Publications.

The Homœopathic Domestic Physician: By Constantine Hering, M. D. Sixth American Edition. Philadelphia: Ig. Kohler. Boston: Otis Clapp.—This is handsomely printed and durably bound volume of 400 pages. It embraces the whole of the original German edition, revised and reformed by the author himself; and it contains the numerous editions prepared for the forthcoming eleventh German edition. The Homœopathic Domestic Physician" was first published about twenty years ago. From the fact that it has since attained its eleventh edition in Europe, and its sixth in America, we may presume that it is generally accepted among those who favor the Homœopathic practice, as an excellent and standard work, for popular use. The name of the Boston publisher, moreover, is a guaranty of the value of the compilation, to the followers of Hahnemann.s. At any rate, and without presuming to pronounce upon the wisdom or folly of the contents of the book in hand, Dr. Hering writes as one having authority. He treats of the preparation and administration of medicines, gives a list of the latter, dilates considerably upon the various causes of disease, and, finally, is very full upon the treatment of symptoms and maladies. Some of his directions, as it seems to us, should not be confined to the covers of any one volume, however large may be its circulation. They should be spread abroad over the world, for the common bepefit of mankind. We copy a few of the most important passages. On page 28, the author, in noticing the treatment of the sick, says, "*Rooms papered with yellow paper, or stained or painted yellow, and yellow transparent window shades or curtains should be avoided.* The *best* color for the walls of a sick room is a light rose color." On page 3, in specifying the remedies for disease occasioned by Fear, it is said, "If the fear continues, if they imagine that they see dead persons, *or that thieves are in the house, concealed here and there,* give arsenicum."

On page 4, the compiler says, "When grief is caused by *disappointment in love,* give Ignatia, *particularly if one cheek turns very often red.* If jealous, violent in his motions, quarrelsome and delirious, give Hyoscyamus, *which may also be given if lovers quarrel much.*"

On page 6, under head of "Vexation," it is remarked that "chamomilla generally answers best when the vexation is attended *with violent fits of anger.*"

On page 326 we discover that "Lachesis must be given if children are very cross, strike their nurses, or *send all persons away.*"

On page 209, it is remarked, "If children *will not learn to talk,* Natrum-Muriaticum, one dose, and *let it act for many weeks.*"

The volume contains, doubtless, other equally valuable suggestions. The above, on the important subjects of the proper color of the walls of a sick room, of illness produced by fear, disappointment in love and vexation of the quarrels of lovers, and of cross and silent children, attracted our notice as we glanced thro' the book. The publication of them in our columns may have the effect, perhaps, of inducing our readers to study the entire volume, which contains such specimens of practical wisdom.

Some idea of the fullness of the compilation may be gathered from the fact that nearly ten pages are devoted to a catalogue of the *symptoms* of diseases of the teeth, and that for some of these symptoms, fifteen or twenty different medicines are suggested. The following are the symptoms catalogued on pages 186 and 187:—"Loose, as if too loose, blunt, sore, bruised, burning, gnawing, scraping, digging, boring jerking, drawing, tearing, cutting, piercing, beating, pulsating, intermittent, constant, during the day only, worse in bed, worst in the night, by night only, most before midnight, most after midnight, when awaking, in the morning, at noon, afternoon, towards evening, at night, every other day, every seventh day, in spring, summer, autumn, winter, caused by damp night air, damp air, cold, damp weather, wind, draught, taking cold."

For a toothache or tooth disease, "towards evening," Pulsatilla alone is recommended—for a toothache or disease "at night," we have *sixteen* remedies, *including* Pulsatilla—"at noon" carries *two* remedies—"in the afternoon" *seven.*

But it is unnecessary to say more of the volume in hand. It is very full in all its directions, and we cannot doubt that to many it will yield a welcome and valuable addition to their medical knowledge.—*Boston Post.*

OUT DOOR SAFETY.—The fear of the weather has sent multitudes to the grave who otherwise might have lived in health many years longer. The fierce north wind and the furious snow storm kill comparatively few, while hot winter rooms and crisping summer suns have countless hecatombs of human victims to attest their power. Except in localities where malignant miasms prevail, and that only in warm weather, out door life is the healthiest and happiest from the tropics to the poles. The general fact speaks for itself, that persons who are out of doors most, take cold least. In some parts of our country, near one-half of the deaths are from diseases of the air passages. These ailments arise from taking cold in some way or another; and surely the reader will take some interest in a subject, by which, at least one chance out of four, his own life may be lost.

All colds arise from one of two causes.

1st. By getting cool too quick after exercise, either as to the whole body, or to any part of it.

2d. By being chilled, and remaining so for a long time, from want of exercise.

To avoid colds from the former, we have only to go to a fire the moment the exercise ceases in the winter. If in the summer, repair at once to a closed room, and there remain with the same clothing on, until cooled off.

To avoid colds from the latter cause, and these engender most speedily fatal diseases, such as pleurisies, croup, and inflammations of the lungs, called pneumonias, we have only to compel ourselves to walk with sufficient vigor to keep off a feeling of chilliness. Attention to precept contained in less than a dozen words, would add twenty years to the average of civilized life.

Keep away chilliness by exercise; cool off slowly. Then you will never take cold, out door or in.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The Burr and Hamilton Duel.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

The combatants met on the 11th of July, 1804, at a place beneath the heights of Weehawken, upon the New Jersey side of the Hudson,—the usual resort, at that time, for such encounters. Burr fired the moment the word was given, raising his arm deliberately and taking aim. The ball struck Hamilton on the side, and, as he reeled under the blow his pistol was discharged into the air. 'I should have shot him through the heart,' said Burr, afterwards, 'but, at the moment I was about to fire, my aim was confused by a vapor.' Burr stepped forward with a gesture of regret, when he saw his adversary fall; but his second hurried him from the field, screening him with an umbrella from the recognition of the surgeon and bargemen.

Hamilton was carried to the house of Mr. Bayard, in the suburbs of the city. The news flew through the town, producing intense excitement. Bulletins were posted at the Tontine, and changed with every new report. Crowds soon gathered around Mr. Bayard's house, and in the grounds. So deep was the feeling, that visitors were permitted to pass one by one through the room where General Hamilton was lying. From the first, there was no hope of his recovery. This opinion of the most eminent surgeons in the city, was concurred in by the surgeons of two French frigates in the harbor, who were consulted. Gen. Hamilton was a man of slight frame, and a disorder, from which he had recently suffered, prevented the use of the ordinary remedies. He retained his composure to the last; nor was his fortitude disturbed until his seven children approached his bedside. He gave them one look, and, closing his eyes, did not open them again while they remained in the room. He expired at two o'clock on the day after the duel.

He was not the only victim. His oldest daughter, a girl of twenty, whose education he had carefully directed, and whose musical talents gave him great pleasure, never recovered from the shock of her father's death. In her disordered fancy, she visited by night the fatal ground at Weehawken, and told her friends that she crossed the river and returned before morning. Her mind soon gave way entirely; and only last spring death released her from a total, though gentle insanity of fifteen years' duration.

A Woman's Growth in Beauty.

If women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a traveling-dress for the soul. Many a one who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have been either partly subdued, or have outgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about people "not being a whit altered—just the same as ever"—not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as in our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal; if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. Talk of "too late to improve"—"too late to learn," &c. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

☞ Do you not expend time enough each year running after your neighbor's tools to pay for a complete outfit? Some men do, and exhaust the patience and respect of a good neighbor beside.

Not Appreciated.

A LESSON FOR THOUGHTLESS HUSBANDS.

The last sad rites were over. She had fallen by the way, ere life's meridian was reached, and left husband and children to a sorrow that mocks for a time that consolation. Seven years she had been a wife—six years a mother—and now, a lonely hearted man and three little motherless ones were left in the dwelling where the sunshine of her loving presence would never again appear.

Mr. Newcomb was a sadder man, now, than when he followed, grieving, the palled coffin to its final resting place. And there were reasons why his heart should feel a deeper depression. A few friends and neighbors had returned with him from the place of the grave, and they had lingered for a short time in the desolate rooms, speaking together in muffled tones of the departed, and of those she had left behind her. Two women talked in this wise; and it so happened that Mr. Newcomb heard every word. They thought him in one of the upper chambers, but he was sitting in an adjoining room, and their voices came in through an open window, and smote his ear with intolerable pain.

"Poor Alice!" said one. "It's a blessed release to her."

"But a dreadful loss to her children," was answered. 'Dear little babes! My heart aches for them. And I pity Mr. Newcomb, also. It is a great loss though he never did rightly appreciate her, poor thing!"

"I can't get up much sympathy for him," said the other, 'and it isn't much use to try. His wife was not appreciated, as you say.—He did not understand her disposition, nor give her credit for the virtues she possessed. She was faithful and loving, but sensitive—so sensitive that the slightest word of unkindness was felt as a painful stroke.'

"And that reminds me," said the neighbor, 'of one of the bad habits he indulged in, of bantering her in company, and showing off her little faults or peculiarities. I have been so provoked with him that I could with difficulty keep my tongue from reproach.'

"She was plain, and I think that annoyed him sometimes."

"Plain! The beauty of her poor spirit was ever shining through her face, and if his eyes were not clear enough to see it, he was unworthy of her."

"She was not as bright as some women; and it always struck me that he indulged in depreciating contrasts."

"She was good, true, faithful, loving," was answered; 'and these are better qualities in a wife than mere brilliancy. Do you remember that evening at Mrs. Bolton's, about a year ago?"

"Very well."

"She was there, you know."

"Yes, I recollect it."

"He flirted with pretty Miss Gardner, who has only her face to recommend her."

"I remember. It lowered him in my good opinion. I don't like to see married men too particular in their attentions to showy young girls."

"Nor I. Well, I happened to catch the expression of Mrs. Newcomb's face when her husband was standing at the piano, turning the music while Miss Gardner sung. She was looking at him. Oh, it was inexpressibly sad. A little while afterwards, I turned again to the place where she had been sitting all alone; but she was not there. What ails Mrs. Newcomb?' I heard some lady ask some minutes later. 'Dear knows!' was the almost pettish reply. 'She's gone off up stairs to have a cry all to herself—something's gone wrong, I suppose. She's a hard body to get on with. I pity her husband.' I pitied her, poor child, for I could understand her heart."

"He went a great deal into company without his wife."

"Yes! and if you asked for her, there was always an air, or tone, or expression in his face, that made you feel as if he did not regard her as of much consequence. 'Where is Mrs. Newcomb?' you would inquire. 'She don't go out,' or 'she's a queer little home body,' or 'the baby's sick' or 'she doesn't enjoy company.' These are the reasons he would give. It has been on my lips a dozen times to answer, 'Why don't you stay at home and keep her company?' And I wish now that I had. It might have quickened in him a perception of duty, and caused a few more rays of light to fall on her not always sunny pathway."

Mr. Newcomb heard no more. But was not that enough to give him the heart-ache for years? No, he had not appreciated his wife, now lost to him forever. She was neither a brilliant nor a handsome woman; but true as steel to duty. Love for husband was a passion that involved all the elements of her life. But the delicacy of her perceptions too soon revealed the sad truth that for some cause she had failed to win from her husband a love in a degree answering to her own.—This so shadowed her feelings that she often appeared unamiable in his eyes, when she was only in strife with hidden anguish. Gradually he grew indifferent, and simply because he did not understand her. He imagined her incapable of deep affection which every chord in her soul was thrilling in too painful sensibility.

And so the darkening years went on, and the fevered pulses began to take a slower beat. Mr. Newcomb grew more and more indifferent to his nervous, and at times fretful, but daily fading wife. Others saw that her days were numbered; but he did not take the alarm. "Mrs. Newcomb looks thin and feeble," remarked a friend.

"She isn't quite so strong as she was, but she's tough," replied the husband. Tough! At the very moment her overstretched heart-strings were beginning to yield! And he was in robust health, ruddy-faced, clear-eyed, round-limbed, and with every muscle in full vigor. He could not sympathize with the feeble woman, moving about his house like a shadow, nor comprehend how he was daily extinguishing a life that looked vainly to him for the food upon which it alone could exist.

'Tough?' If she did linger on for a time, it was pitying love for her babes that kept her alive, gave strength to her feeble limbs, and endurance to her sinking heart. And as she became weaker, he seemed rather to recede, than draw near—to grow cold towards her instead of tender and compassionate.—And so her day went down in clouds and rain.

No, she had not been appreciated. Mr. Newcomb was a good sort of a man, taking the general acceptation of the words—a pleasant neighbor and agreeable friend—an honest citizen; but he had not proved a good husband to the woman he had taken to be his wife, simply because he had not rightly comprehended her quality. She was of finer superior texture than he had imagined, and died because she could not live in the earth-laden atmosphere he compelled her to breathe.

'Not appreciated.' There are Mrs. Newcombs all around us. Their pale faces haunt us at every turn; their mournful funerals shadow our streets; their orphaned babes sit weeping for love in many a lonely dwelling. And the ruddy-faced Mr. Newcombs—smiling affably, 'such good company,' favorites at every feast—are around us also. We send a wood of truth to their hearts; may its passage be sure and quick, like the passage of an arrow.—*Lady's Home Magazine.*

Finding A Criminal.

FROM THE NOTES OF AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

I was aroused one morning from a sound sleep by a quick, loud rap upon my door. I had been on duty late into the morning, and hence kept my bed longer than usual. By the time my wife had reached my room, I was up and half dressed. She told me that Inspector Starling, one of my brother detectives, wished to see me. I hurried down, and found him pacing to and fro across the room in a state of considerable excitement.

"Ah, Goff, we've got some work on our hands," he cried, the moment he saw me. "There's been a murder—a strange one—by Newgate Market. But come along, and I'll tell you as I go."

As soon as we gained the street, Starling resumed—

"Last evening one of the butchers packed a box of meat to go off to-day, but this morning he changed his mind, and concluded to unpack it, as there was no doubt about the stuff's keeping. When he removed the cover, he found the body of a man cut up, and stowed snugly away in place of his meat, and this latter article was afterwards found in a neighboring cellar."

I asked if the butcher was not suspected.

"No," replied my companion. "We know that it could not have been he, for his time is all accounted for; and besides his character is above suspicion. No—some one who knew that the box was packed to go off this morning, must have taken advantage of the circumstance, and thus hoped to gain time for escape, or perhaps to have thrown the blame upon another. It was an old man who was murdered, and it was evidently done for revenge."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because fragments of clothing were upon the limbs, and a watch and some money were found in the pockets. Strange, isn't it?"

I acknowledged that it was.

We overtook a party of men at this juncture, and ere we had an opportunity to converse much more we had reached Newgate. The box was in a small office, and a commissioner had arrived. The parts of the body had been taken out and placed together, thus forming a whole frame with the exception of the head, this latter part being absent. The victim had not been far from three-score; a tall, well formed man, and as far as we could judge from the fragments of clothing and the appearance of the hands, a member of the better class of society.

Our first object was to find if the remains could be identified, but in this we failed entirely. Two days passed without the least new light upon the subject, but on the evening of the second day, we received notice that a human head had been found in a small pond, or pool, in Epping, and was in possession of the officers of that place.

Here might be a clue, and I was finally set upon the track. I chose to go alone, for on an errand too many cooks most emphatically spoil the broth. I felt sure that if I could once get my eye upon the murderer, I should know him. There is something in the very look and bearing of a man who had done a murder, as palpable to me as the color of the Ethiop. I can see it written on his face, though how I cannot tell. It may be from intuitive perception, or it may be from long habit in hunting rogues.

It was late in the evening when I started, taking the saddle for my seat, and reaching Epping at midnight I found the coroner, and with him I found the human head. It was the very one. I knew it by the gray hair, and by the manner in which it had been cut off, the neck having been divided close by the shoulders. I requested my host to keep my visit a secret, as it might be necessary that my coming should not be known. He assured me that no one save himself and messenger knew that word had been sent to London of the finding of the head. In the morning we went out to the place where the terrible proof of crime had been found, and I examined the sandy shore of the pond thoroughly. There were too many tracks however, for me to make anything of them. Of one thing I was sure; that the head had been thrown in at night, for it had rested in shoal water, with two bricks tied to it, whereas, had it been thrown in by daylight, the villain would have selected a deeper spot. The coroner suggested that the murderer had kept on by the great stage road through Essex, but I felt differently. I believed he had struck across towards Waltham Abbey, and upon this supposition I determined to act.

My first movement after this was to obtain a suit of laboring-men's clothes, which my host procured of a fellow who was at work in a drain in his garden. They were well worn, and when I got them on I looked as rough as I could wish. I then made a snug bundle of my own garments, which I tied up in an old cotton handkerchief and having swung it upon a stout oaken staff, I placed it over my shoulders, and started off upon the Waltham Abbey road.

If the murderer had done his horrible work in the metropolis by dark, and then come round by Epping, he could not have reached the next town before daylight. I made some guarded inquires at the house I passed but gained no information till I reached Waltham Abbey; and even here I could only learn that a man had passed through there on foot, just before daylight, two days previously. Only one person—the hostler of an inn—had seen him, and he could'nt give me the slightest description, not even the traveller's height.

The road by which I had come led no further, ending here in the great north-eastern mail road to Scotland; and as I did not think the murderer would take such a route I pushed on by a narrow path, through fields